

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you anoids Come.
Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde
 bits. *Pulses him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister, what
 a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall. *Exit second Servingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crows.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass it is,
 then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. It is an honest service, then to meddle with
 thy Mistis: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy tren-
 cher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for
 disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wold'st? Thy name?
 Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing
 me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie com-
 mands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmuscall to the Volcians eares,
 And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face
 Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
 Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st y me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
 To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
 Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witness may
 My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Service,
 The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
 Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requited:
 But with that Surname, a good memorie
 And witness of the Malice and Displeasure
 Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.

The Cruelty and Enuy of the peeple,
 Permitted by our daftard Nobles, who
 Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:
 And suffer'd me by thy voyce of Slaues to be
 Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
 Hath brought me to thy Haith, not out of Hope
 (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th World
 I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight
 To be full quit of those my Banishers,
 Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
 Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
 Of shame scene through thy Country, speed thee straight
 And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,
 That my reuengefull Services may proue
 As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
 Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes

Th'art ty'd, then in a word, I also am
 Longer to liue most wearie: and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
 Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
 Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breast,
 And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
 It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius*;
 Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A roote of Ancient Enuy. If *Iupiter*
 Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
 And say 'tis true; I'de not belecue them more
 Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine armes about that body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep
 The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
 As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
 I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rape heart,
 Then when I first my wedded Mistis law
 Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
 We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
 Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
 Twelue feuerall times, and I haue nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
 We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
 Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
 And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelue, to seuentie: and pouring Warre
 Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
 Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
 And take our Friendly Senators by'th hands
 Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blisse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
 The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
 Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
 Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
 Orrudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
 Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy,
 Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand; most welcome. *Exeunt*

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?
 2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with
 a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made
 a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his
 finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some thing
 in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot
 tell

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd
 but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
 i'th world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he,
 You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
 Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for
 the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals
Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
 line be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Ge-
 nerall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-
 wayes good enough for him.

2 Come we are fellows and friends: he was euer too
 hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth
 on't before *Corioles*, he scotch'd him, and notch'd him like a
 Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue
 boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were
 Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th Table: No
 question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand
 bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistis
 of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the
 white o'th'eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the
 Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th middle, & but one halfe
 of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by
 the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go be-
 hies, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He
 will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage
 pould.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for looke you sir, he has as ma-
 ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst
 not (looke you sir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his
 Friends, whilst he's in Directiude.

1 Directiude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see his Crest vp againe, and
 the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
 Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forwards?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the
 Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel
 of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe:
 This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Taylors,
 and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre
 as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full
 of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd,
 deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, che

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